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THE PARIS SALON OF 1889.

THIRD AND CONCLUDING NOTICE.

VESTA SIMMONS'S "Étude" is one of the most delicate and artistic things in the exhibition. On a gray background is a seated, three-quarter-length figure of a blonde girl with black eyes and rosy cheeks, smiling deliciously; her gown is of beige or self-colored material falling in small folds; on her lap is a basket of pansies. The aspect and tonality remind one somewhat of charming visions of Old World ladies by George Romney. This "Étude" is exquisitely refined. Edwin Lord Weeks makes a fine show with two of the best pictures he has ever produced, "The Pearl Mosque at Agra" and an "Open-Air Restaurant at Lahore," very tastefully conceived and painted with sure skill. Eugène Vail's "Mon Homme"—a woman with a child in her arms running along a jetty to meet her husband whose boat is just sailing into port—is simply one of the very best marines in the Salon, and remarkably vivid and strong. Robert William Vonnob exhibits a charming portrait of a little girl—"Phœbe"—dressed in dark blue velvet, with a broad and stiff lace ruff, and a genre subject, "Mauvaise Nouvelle," representing an old woman at a window hiding her face in her hands; on the window-sill is her knitting; on the floor the letter that has brought the bad news. Both these pictures are remarkable for their clever painting and good taste. J. Carroll Beckwith's portrait is a half-length figure in pale blue, on a warm blue-gray ground, of a young woman with black hair; it is refined, and holds its own in very good company. Henry Bisbing has a successful landscape and cattle picture of large dimensions, very light in tone and a little too delicately painted for the Salon, which is by no means a defect so far as the picture itself is concerned. F. A. Bridgman's "Balchez le Gouverneur" and "Femmes au Cimetière," both Algerian scenes, are not the work of an artist, but they are as good and better than many pictures in the Salon. W. H. Howe has signed two cattle pieces, "Le Soir" and "Environs d'Egmond." Clifford Grayson's "Deuil"—an old woman in a long cloak weeping in a cemetery—is a capital bit of work and of a sentiment that will please many. Walter MacEwen's "Dutch Boys" calling their companions to play is humorously observed and delicate in tone. Ridgway Knight's "Le Soir"—a shepherdess watching her flock—is charming, refined and painted with insinuating skill. Guy Ferris Maynard's "Une Hollandaise" is a picture of an uncomely woman sitting at a window, which subject is nowadays a fashionable pretext for the study of luminous shadows; reflected lights and atmospheric values. G. P. A. Healy, a portrait of Abraham Dreyfus, a wit who has no physical beauty. Miss Elizabeth Gardner, "Portrait de Bébé" and "Dans le Bois," the latter representing two little girls and a smaller baby girl finding a nestful of fledglings. Walter Gay, "Tête de Jeune Fille," a clever visiting-card. Miss Lee-Robbins, "After the Bath," a gorgeous study, à la Carulus, of a vulgar and redundant female model, semi-nude. F. C. Penfold's "Triste Nouvelle" is one of the fine pictures of the kind in the exhibition. There is a window and a curtain through which we see vaguely a beach and people. Under the window a green table; to the right a bronzed sailor who is telling the sad news; to the left an old man listening attentively; on the old man's shoulder a girl hides her head and sobs; another woman leans against the window with her handkerchief to her eyes, wearing a green shawl and a white coiffe. The wall is gray and on the floor are some fishing nets. This picture is finely composed, simple and unaffected in sentiment, and painted with strength and directness, and at the same time with a delicate sense of airiness and of the differentiation of objects; the different things in the picture all have their color; there is no shirking of difficulties by means of sketchy or vague inadequacy of execution. Julian Story's "Deux Amies" are portraits of two basnet dogs very cleverly painted and hung with honor on the line, while the same artist's excellent picture of "Charlotte Corday in Prison" is also well placed and very successful. Charles H. Davis's "Evening Effect on the Edge of the Forest of Rambouillet" is one of the finest and most poetical landscapes in the Salon. George W. Cohen, "La Lecture," two peasant women sitting at a window, one sewing, the other reading—a "window picture," it is true, but none the less distinguished in tone and with nicely studied values. Miss A. E. Klumpke, an admirable portrait of her mother. Ch. Sprague Pearce, "Jeune Picarde," a carte de visite, excused by the fact of the Universal Exposition.

Of course, in the Salon, the great thing is to get your pictures on the line, otherwise the chances of their being seen are considerably diminished. The privilege of the line cannot, however, fall to the lot of all; to some slight extent the Salon is a lottery, and many a good picture is "skied" that deserves a better fate. But between the eye line and the sky line there are many good places, and in these good places of the second category—the accessits to the prizes, so to speak—are some excellent American pictures which we will proceed to briefly mention. George Hitchcock, "Fermières Hollandaises," two Dutchwomen tying up bunches of tulips against a white background, the delicate vision of a truly artistic temperament. Childe Hassam, "Autumn," a Parisian boulevard, with crowds of passers depicted at the hour when the pearly evening mist gives mystery to the distance, a piece of work full of fine qualities of observation. William Dodge, "Femme au Soleil" and "Burial of an Indian Chief," the latter the biggest picture in the Salon, an effort showing remarkable powers in the young artist who has made it. Eanger Irving Couse, "La Première Étoile," a charming landscape, with a rustic maid carrying waterpots, and "La Jeune Institutrice," a red-haired girl teaching school to her dolls. Carl Guthrie, "Lune d'Été" and "Arcessita ab Angelis," a profane and a religious allegory that will have more success in Anglo-Saxon countries than in realistic and material Paris. Henry Bacon, "Egalité," a study of Parisian types on the top of an omnibus which pulls up to allow a funeral procession to pass. Caliga, a green garden, a table, an old grandmother sitting under the trees and a little girl playing with her doll. Not bad at all. Ida Waugh, "Hagar and Ishmael." Frederick Waugh, a charming landscape—"Solitude," and "Sympathie," a group of children sleeping on a doorstep with a dog, cleverly painted. Simon Hammon Vedder, "Rayons de Soleil dans une Caverne," representing, apparently, a boy piping to a bear. Robert Reid, "Blessing the Boats," a fine composition and cleverly observed. Frank Scott, "Une Place à Venise," women around a well and architecture and figures in the distance. Ogden Wood, "L'Abreuvoir." Frank Henry Richardson, "Le Printemps" and "Temps Gris" at Concarneau, both very good. Alexander Harrison, "A Rainy Day at Concarneau," far too delicate and fine in tone to be sacrificed to the crude light of the Salon, and "Crépuscule," a marine study less definitive than it might be. Edward Emerson Simmons, "La Baie de Saint-Yves" is a tone picture, so very delicate that there remains very little to be seen at all. Mrs. Fairchild MacMonnies, "Matinée de Juin," a luminous, decorative panel very intelligently and delicately conceived in the realistic vein.

We may notice also the important and successful work of the Canadians: Paul Peel, "Que la Vie est Amère," and a nude study, both on the line, also G. B. Bridgman, whose marine, "Un Mousse à la Mer," is very spirited.

Other Americans who exhibit with more or less distinction are Kate A. Carl, "Francine" and "À la Fontaine," the latter a very pretty and well-executed picture; Ellen K. Baker, "Attente" and "Le Pantin;" W. Baird, two landscapes; I. N. Barlow, "La Moisson," a Normandy landscape; Ed. H. Barnard, a portrait; Alice Barney, "Paysanne Polonoise;" Cecilia Beaux, a portrait; A. Bierstadt, "Chasse aux Bisons;" Carle Blenner, "Contentement;" Max Bohm, "Les Fainéants;" D. F. Boyden, "Wigwam Point, Cape Anne;" Amanda Brewster Sewell, a portrait; Mary Butts, "Étude;" Mary Jane Clarke, a portrait; H. Correja, "Étude" and "Valenciano;" Ch. C. Curran, "Morning Sunlight;" A. W. Dow, "Les Sables de Raguénès" and "Fin de la Journée," two delicate landscapes well hung; Frank V. Du Mond, "A Crêcy-en-Brie;" Frederick M. Du Mond, a portrait; Julia Dunn, "Un Soir d'Hiver;" Jesse Flenner, "Miriam;" Ch. S. Forbes, a portrait; Harriett Foss, a portrait; Frances Fraser, "Sur la Colline;" Rosalie Lorraine Gill, "L'Attente;" Abbott Graves, "Un Champ de Roses" and "Nature Morte;" Eliot Gregory, a portrait; Eleanor Greatorex, "La Première Palette du Titien;" W. Griffin, "Intérieur;" P. A. Gross, two landscapes; Ph. L. Hale, "Le Vieux Oiseleur" and "Young Man with a Baedeker;" E. W. D. Hamilton, "Marée Basse;" W. Howard Hart, "En Attendant;" Ida Haskell, "Il Dort;" Ch. H. Hayden, "Près du Village;" Frances Houston, "Femme de Capri;" Samuel Isham, a portrait and "Lawn Tennis;" John Kavanagh, "Tête d'Homme;" Henry R. Kenyon, "Foggy Morning at Venice;" Ch. Lasar, a portrait; I. Leslie Breck, landscape; Ernest L.

Major, "La Petite Tricoteuse;" Arthur F. Mathews, "Les lis de Midas" and a portrait; Alfred Mayer, "Thinking of Youthful Years;" W. E. Nettleton, "Tricoteuse;" Carl Newman, a portrait; Eleanor Norcross, a portrait; S. Marie Norton, "A Tea Party;" Elizabeth Nourse, "Entre Voisines" and "Dans la Bergerie;" W. Gilman Page, "La Grand'mère" and a portrait; Frances Paxton-Campan, "La Mère Catherine;" Ella Ferris Pell, scene from Milton's "Paradise Lost;" Mrs. L. C. Perry, two portraits; Clinton Peters, a portrait; E. H. Potthast, "Une Bretonne;" Suzan Proufe, "Au Bord de l'Eau;" John W. Raught, "Le Grand Chemin;" Ch. S. Reinhart, "Effet de Brouillard;" Theodore Robinson, "Vachère;" Julius Rolshoven, "Tyrolese Lace-Maker;" Belle M. Ross, "Un Moment Tranquille;" Winnaretta Singer, "Printemps" and a portrait; Victor J. Smedley, "Étude;" John Smith Lewis, "The Joys of Rustic Life;" Robert G. Sprunk, a portrait; Anna H. Stanley, "At the Beginning and at the End;" C. H. Strickland, a portrait; Mary K. Trotter, "Jeune fille Italienne;" Ed. Whiteman, "Le Ruisseau."

There is no great marvel to be admired, but many good things. The two great attractions are equestrian statues of Jeanne d'Arc by Paul Dubois and by Fremiet, the latter a modification and an improvement upon the statue now on the Place des Pyramides at Paris, and destined to take its place by the wish of the artist. Mercié exhibits a fine monument to Paul Baudry; Chapu, a bass relief, "Hope;" Falguère, an allegory of "Music;" Ernest Christophe, a curious and intense group, "Le baiser suprême;" Damp, an exquisite genre piece, "La Fin du Rêve;" Barrias, an allegory of "La Chasse;" Mathurin Moreau, "Les Exilés;" Alfred Lanson, an allegory, "Gloire à Paris," etc.

The American sculptors who exhibit are S. Herbert Adams, a portrait and a fragment of a fountain; Paul Wayland Bartlett, an "Indian Dancing," an audacious and very clever study of frenetic movement; Ed. Cassidy, a rabbit; H. H. Kitson, a portrait bust; Frederick MacMonnies, a portrait bust and a very elegant and finely modelled "Diana;" John Red, "Un bœnitier;" Alice Ruggles, a portrait bust; Frederick A. Shaw, "A Tuscan Fisherman;" Douglas Tilden, "Baseball," a statue; Fanny S. Wadsworth, "Christ Jeune," a statue.

THEODORE CHILD.

THE SOCIETY OF AMERICAN ARTISTS.

THE eleventh annual exhibition of the Society of American Artists was opened at the Fifth Avenue Art Galleries on May 13th, and remained open until June 15th. It was a very creditable show—the largest, we believe, that the Society has made, and one of the best. A noticeable feature was furnished by the young men, who have found in impressionism something that peculiarly appeals to them. The number of good portraits was also remarkable. There was a general appearance of sobriety and strength, of moderate aims and abundant resources, most gratifying to the well-wisher of the Society and of American art.

Of the portraits, Mr. Carroll Beckwith's, of the benevolently smiling Mr. Isaacson, drew attention as an excellent study of character, and Frank W. Benson's, of a young lady in white, with gauze sleeves and a white background, for its clever rendering of tones and textures. George de F. Brush offered an unmistakable likeness of Mr. J. Alden Weir, attired, like a follower of Bacchus, in a leopard skin, but represented as engaged in chipping out a marble cupid from the block. Unfortunately, the bluish tones of his legs, proclaiming the habitual use of trousers, have been but too faithfully reproduced by the painter, and make the title of the picture, "A Greek Sculptor," read like a joke. J. H. Caliga's "Bavarian Peasants," old man and woman, with a background of foliage, must be included among the best of the portrait studies. Mr. William M. Chase's Elsie Leslie Lyde as "Little Lord Fauntleroy," standing by a big baronial chair, is a more satisfactory portrait than any that he has done in a long while. Mr. B. R. Fitz's "Marie," though conventional in tone, is very well modelled and a clever study of an interesting face. A plaster medallion portrait of a modern Gaul in dress-coat and opera hat, by F. W. MacMonnies, shows good work expended on an unworthy subject. In another medallion head, in bronze, Mr. St. Gaudens has had a very promising subject, but has made little of it. Of Mr. J. Alden Weir's three capital portraits we like best that of Mr. E. S. Connor, the actor.

The greatest variety is shown in the landscapes. There are, as has already been said, several in which impressionist influence is evident. The academic French landscape is present, and that of the old-time American school, and three or four painters have evolved styles of their own in which it is difficult to trace any acknowledged influence. Among these last is Mr. Homer Martin, whose "Sands near Villerville" has a peculiar effect of iridescent color, observable at times in nature, but not, so far as we know, in any other artist's work. Mr. George H. Bogert's "August Twilight" is likewise chiefly remarkable for its scheme of deep greens and purples; but Mr. William A. Coffin's "Evening Shadows" for its choice of subject, a smoothly rolling, highly cultivated country, demanding, and in this instance receiving a peculiar technical treatment, the brush work being almost as smooth and flowing as if the artist were painting a robe of green silk. Mr. Kenyon Cox's "A Rolling Country" is similarly treated; but though it has the advantage of having its masses of green checkered by the yellows of some ripening cornfields, the artist has ill-advisedly chosen the hour of high noon, when shadows are nowhere, and all good artists should be asleep or enjoying a smoke. A few hours later and the clumps of trees in the hollows would be massed in shade, and their shadows, even in Mr. Cox's inexpressive brush work, would reveal and make interesting the forms of the hills. In the same artist's "After Harvest" the good effect of broad masses of shadow is very evident, though the picture must also be praised for its rich and powerful color. C. Harry Eaton's ivy-clad old church "At Criquebeuf, near Trouville," is charming in its collocation of quiet greens and grays. Benjamin Foster shows observation in his painting of "The Rising Fog" tangled in wreaths among the bare branches of an April wood. Mr. William H. Low's "In an Old Garden" is mainly a pleasant bit of landscape, to which the small figures give a certain piquancy. Robert C. Minor's "The Cove at Niantic" is a good outdoor study of low rocks, meadows, and a narrow strip of water.

Mr. Theodore Robinson is one of those who have really gained a good deal by study of impressionistic methods. Of his seven contributions, there is none which does not show a solid advance beyond his work of previous years, and none that does not belong distinctly to the new school. The narrowing of his aim in this case, as in so many others, has been the saving of the artist. His "Autumn Sunlight," "Val d'Arcouville" and "Saint Martin's Summer" are excellent little works of their kind. The last is a view from a height over village roofs and orchards through a screen of apple-trees laden with fruit and scant of foliage. Another who has entered on the same way, but without, we believe, being especially called to it, is Mr. D. W. Tryon, whose "First Leaves" and "Evening" are merely slight attempts in what is to him a new manner. Mr. Theodore Wendel's "A November Day" is better, but he pushes the fad of "seeing blue" to an extreme. His blue-gray house may look natural enough, but the gray-blue foliage, and the startling way in which the few touches of warm color tell on it, he must have found somewhere else than in nature.

In genre and historical painting the exhibition was by no means weak. Mr. Chase's "Afternoon Tea," with several figures disposed about a table in a city garden, was interesting technically; Francis Day's "Late for Breakfast," a mother and baby in a dimly lit interior, for its sentiment as well as for its very clever workmanship. Mr. Kenyon Cox had several well-painted nude figures, curiously infelicitous in choice of pose or effect. It would require much stronger work than even Mr. Cox's to so interest the spectator that he would not feel disagreeably impressed by the awkward attitude of his "Nymph" scrambling up a bank on all fours, and by the yellow reflections on the abdomen of his young woman in "A Yellow Rose." Charles C. Curran's "Preparing for a Lawn Fête" was a highly successful effort at rendering a difficult effect of lingering twilight contrasted with the varicolored fires of Chinese lanterns suspended from trees or tent poles and adding to the motley appearance of a number of figures, some in European and some in Japanese costume. E. Aubrey Hunt's "On the Seine, Washing," was a modest but very clever little work, well composed and refreshingly cool and clean in tone. The actions of the two figures were well comprehended. John La Farge's water-color "Fishing with Cormorants" was particularly strong in its effect of light and shade, the blazing torch lighting

up the fishermen, their trained birds and the water immediately about, the whole coming out strongly from a dark range of mountains in the background. As regards size, difficulty of subject and dramatic effect, Willard L. Metcalf's "Market at Tunis" was one of the most important pictures in the exhibition. The scene is an open space surrounded by low white walls, but lying in the shade of some taller building, unseen. It is crowded with squatting figures in many-colored costumes, with their donkeys and pigeons, fruits, vegetables, potteries and other wares. The great amount of labor involved in its painting has been successfully gone through. The tones are luminous, the drawing good, and the handling expressive of every variety of texture. H. R. Poore's "Noon," laborers and their horses and oxen released from work in the fields, shows great promise. R. V. Sewell's "Sleep" is a Bouguereau-like allegorical female partially draped in a violet-colored scarf, relieved from the commonplace by the bird's-eye view of New York and Brooklyn, which the artist has introduced beneath her floating figure. Henry O. Walker's "Idyl," a girl and boy feeding doves, pleased by its simple contrast of conventional gray-green foliage with the flesh tones and a bit of yellow drapery. Horatio Walker's "Morning" and "Evening" were both full of lovely color. The pigs in the former picture, complacently lying under the litter which they have heaped upon their backs, are worthy of Morland; and the cattle and figures in the latter are almost as good.

We must not close this article without noticing the splendid painting of still life by Emil Carlsen, the "Scotch Roses" of Emma B. Beach, and the "Study of Hydrangeas" by Chester Loomis. Want of space only prevents our mentioning many other almost equally good paintings; for one of the strong points of the exhibition was that it contained no work unworthy of examination.

THE PARIS CENTENNIAL EXPOSITION.

THE PAINTINGS (FIRST NOTICE).

THE Fine Art display at the Paris Universal Exposition is divided into three sections, the French Centennial, the French Decennial and the Foreign Exhibitions. To make a satisfactory exhibition of the art of the century was a materially impossible task; the pictures wanted are immobilized in the national museums or in the collections of private persons. Furthermore, at the Champ de Mars space was limited, and the living artists protested against the invasion of the dead, who were not there to defend themselves. The consequence is that the Centennial display, while being extremely interesting, is a most incomplete and unsatisfactory realization of a splendid dream. Nevertheless, it will serve to remind us of certain artists whom we tend to forget in the heat of modern controversy, notably David, whose "Sacre," brought from the Palace of Versailles, will by common consent be retained for the Louvre, where it will take its place definitively among the greatest works of the century. Gericault and Gros are insufficiently represented, likewise Ingres and Delacroix; in order to appreciate all four we must go to the Louvre. The great generation of 1830 is finely represented by choice specimens of Corot, Rousseau, Dupré, Daubigny, Decamps and Millet. The latter, with his pastels and drawings alone, covers a splendid panel that resumes his whole talent. Diaz, Fromentin and Troyon come next, the latter with magnificent works. Then we come to Meissonier, certainly great among the greatest, with "1814," "Solferino," "The Engraver" and the man at the window. Thomas Couture maintains a glorious position with his "Romans of the Decadence." Courbet remains a great painter, but not a great artist. Horace Vernet sinks to the rank of a clever improviser. Charlet, with his very dramatic "Retreat of Moscow," impresses one with the force and fertility of his invention. Among the sculptors the heroes of the century are Houdon, Rude, Barye and Carpeaux.

As we approach our own times the Centennial Exhibition comes to grief. The organizer of the show, notably the chief commissioner, M. Antonin Proust, has allowed his personal tastes to interfere, and Manet, Monet and Roll occupy places of honor, which they fill with grotesque insufficiency. Manet was entitled to a place in the history of modern French art, certainly; but Roll and Monet are mere beginners, who have not yet found their way. To put these men on a pedestal, and to hide Bastien-Lepage, Regnault, Cabanel and De Neuville behind a screen, while Puvis de Chavannes is only

represented by a small picture of the decapitation of St. Jean, and some other minor works, is absurd.

The Centennial Exhibition 1789-1878 contains 600 oil-paintings, 300 drawings, 150 pieces of sculpture and 400 engravings.

The Decennial Exhibition 1878-89 contains 1418 oil-paintings, 215 pastels and drawings and 560 pieces of sculpture, the cream of the production of the French artists during the past ten years, each exhibitor being limited to ten works. The exhibit is very imposing; no other country can boast an artistic activity even approaching that of France; and yet the number of marked personalities gifted with supreme artistic qualities of invention, taste and individuality of the strongest kind are few and far between.

At the head of the modern French school we must still acclaim Meissonier, who exhibits "The Guide, Army of the Rhine and Moselle, 1797," "Jéna," "Le Voyageur," "St. Mark's, Venice: The Madonna del Baccio," "Portrait of Meissonier," "Postillon," "Inn at Poissy," "Pasquale," "Venice" (1888), "Portrait of Mlle. Jenny Meissonier" (1889). With the exception of the two latter pictures, all the above have been previously exhibited, and most of them either described or reproduced in these pages. The picture of "Venice," a gondola station on the Guidecca Canal, with the Salute dome in the background, is a magnificent work. The portrait of Jenny Meissonier, painted this year, is another proof of the singular vigor and perennial skill of the famous artist. It is all very well to cry up Manet and Roll and Dagnan-Bouveret and the realists who paint uninteresting subjects in an interesting way, but after all these aesthetic escapades we must come back to Meissonier, who is a great painter and a great artist.

After Meissonier we have to step down from the domain of things that are complete and definitive and return to the common earth, where Bonnat, Bouguereau, Carolus Duran, Cabanel and Jules Lefebvre are shining and acknowledged lights, while Gervex, Detaille and Benjamin Constant are candidates for the highest honors in competition with Roll, Aimé Morot and Maignan. About the work of these men there is nothing new to be said. We are glad to see, for the first time, two fine pictures by Detaille, painted for the Emperor of Russia, especially the "Cosaques de l'Ataman" of the Imperial Guard, advancing with their singers at the head. This is a capital work, full of character and freshness of inspiration. Aimé Morot exhibits his notable pictures of the past six years, and an immense new work, "Charge of Cavalry at Reichsoffen;" he holds his own as a painter of prodigious physical gifts. Roll, about whom we have heard so much of late, and who has been pushed outrageously by friends in power, to such a degree that you can hardly go anywhere in the French section without being confronted with his work, does not resist the trial so brilliantly as to allow us to say that he is more than a very gifted experimenter, who may one of these days discover some grand secret for renewing the painting of open-air effects on flesh, but who has not yet discovered that secret, whatever his friends may say. Roll is just as much an experimenter as Albert Bernard, only he is less varied in his ambition and less well equipped from the point of view of artistic invention. Henner makes a very poor show, though we must always admit that he paints *le morceau* in superior fashion. The men whom this Decennial Exhibition brings into definitive evidence are artists like I. C. Cazin, P. A. J. Dagnan, Emile Friant, I. F. Raffaelli, Eugène Carrière, Léon Lhermitte. Then in the second rank come André Brouillet, François Flameng, Duez, Raphael Collin, Jean Béraud; the marine painters Olive and Montenard; the landscapists Binet, Guillemet, Harpignies, Nozal. With very few exceptions, the pictures in the Decennial section have been exhibited at the Salon, and are therefore familiar to our eyes, so that description or detailed notice of them is uncalled for. It will suffice to record our general impression after wandering through the interminable galleries, up-stairs and down-stairs, where the eye-line alone measures 2820 metres, or in other words more than a mile and a half. The quantity is prodigious; the quality very high, so far as technical skill is concerned; the interest rather wanting in variety, owing to the generally realistic and prosaic tendencies of the painters; the number of works of supreme excellence, in whose company one would care to live, are, after all, very few. In short, in this formidable show there is a great deal of painting and but little art.

THEODORE CHILD.

(To be continued.)